IN THE PUBLIC EYE

AMONG the royal refugees of Paris none is better known than her Spanish majesty, Queen Isabella. Any fine day she may be seen driving on the Champs Elysées, in the Allée des Acacias, or taking a constitutional on the Avenue du Bois. In person she is very short and very stout. To render this fact less conspicuous she likes to be surrounded by women of greater circumference than her own, and most of her *dames d'honneur* have been ladies of remarkable embonpoint. She is as fond of bright colors as her daughter, the Infanta Eulalia. The queen's bonnets are especially remarkable, and although the livery of her equipage is not conspicuous, nor has her carriage any unusual feature, yet it may be distinguished half a kilometer away by her majesty's head gear.

She is usually accompanied on her drives by one lady of honor and two gentlemen. She talks a great deal, and at times, even when speaking on indifferent subjects, she has a most emphatic enunciation. She has a keen sense of humor; no one better enjoys a good joke, even at her own expense. With money she is generous to lavishness. The story is told that her chamberlain, in despair at her royal disregard of questions of ways and means, arranged a financial object lesson for her. He drew five thousand francs in five franc pieces, fresh from the mint, and spread the bright silver coins upon a table in a room through which the queen often passed. They made a great show and glitter, and when Isabella saw them she said,

"Why, marquis, you tell me my coffers are empty, and here is all this money!"

"Madame," replied the chamberlain, "here is barely enough for the sustenance of your majesty's household for three days."

Of late Queen Isabella has been absent from Paris more frequently, the status of affairs at the court of Madrid being more congenial than in bygone years. She likes Americans. It is quite probable that the Princess Eulalia's visit to the United States, two years ago, was inspired by her mother's predilection for us. Many transatlantic visitors have been welcomed at the Palais de Castille, Isabella's Paris home, on the Avenue Kléber. Her house is famed not only for the beauty of its architecture and its situation, but for the fêtes and dinners given there, and for the generous hospitality of its royal hostess.

On arriving, the carriage passes through the iron gates, wonderfully wrought and gilded, and surmounted by the Bourbon lilies. Even here we find that Spanish ceremonialism begins, the concierge courtesying as the carriage rolls in. A rich Aubusson carpet is thrown over the steps, and the guests pass up the grand stairway along a hedge of footmen wearing the royal livery. Wraps are removed in an antechamber, and then the grand salon is entered, where her majesty is seated in a large Louis Quinze arm chair. Our names are announced in stentorian tones by the halberdier, we are presented by one of the ladies of honor, and we bend the knee to kiss the queen's hand, which is small, well modeled, and exquisitely gloved in white undressed kid. A cordial smile of welcome is the royal response. A little later, we all go down to dinner. Having been asked for half past seven, we were punctual; had we been asked for seven, we should have gone at half past. This is one of those delightful little intricacies of Parisian etiquette which seem to have been created for the bewilderment of guileless Americans.

On the evening of which the writer speaks, the table was long, there being about twenty at dinner, including the household. Isabella sat in the center, and was always served first. The service was *à la Russe*, there being nothing on the table but knives, forks, plates, glasses, and a parterre of La France roses. The table cloth was of plain, undamasked linen, with a border of old Bruges lace over a transparency of rose pink. The menu was not too long—a mistake seldom made by a Parisian *maître d'hôtel*.

Later, people began to arrive for the reception, which is held every Wednesday evening. Among them were some actors and actresses, who were presented to her majesty, but whose existence seemed to be ignored by the other ladies present. Judic was there, and sang several chansonnettes; and some members of the Français company gave Coppée's "Luthier." The signal for departure was given by the queen retiring to her own apartments.

Isabella makes no calls, and seldom dines out. When she does accept an invitation, it is a mark of special favor. She frequently goes to the theater, however, and is very fond of a good play. She has her box at

the Français and at the Opéra. She does not disdain the smaller theaters, either, and occasionally takes a trip over to the Odéon.

Her favorite jewel is a rosary of pearls, which is never taken from around her neck.

time had a country seat. At St. Adresse it used to be her favorite pastime to make excursions along the coast, incognita. For this purpose a yacht was chartered, which bore no signs of the presence of royalty.

Ex Queen Isabella of Spain.

From a photograph by Byrne, Richmond, England.

It belonged to Louis XIII, and later to Marie Antoinette. She is a devout Catholic, although in no way a bigot. She is also very kind hearted, and quick to help any one in her entourage who meets with misfortune.

During most of Queen Isabella's residence in France, her summers have been spent at her villa at St. Adresse, a romantic spot on the cliffs, close to Havre, and near the place where Sarah Bernhardt for a long

On board of her, the queen made frequent excursions to Trouville, with a dinner at the "Roches Noirs," and to Dieppe, Honfleur, and other neighboring resorts. During one of these voyages the Infanta Eulalia was drenched with sea water. In the democratic manner that characterizes her, she borrowed a knit jacket from one of the sailors, and slipped it on — an incident chronicled by the historians of fashion as having originated the vogue of jerseys,

The Duke of Orleans.
From a photograph by Varney, Buckingham.

which were so much in favor some years ago. Ashore, the queen would drive about the country, and into Havre, behind four white donkeys. She was fond of holding the reins herself, and managed her strange team with remarkable dexterity.

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"*Roy ne puis, monseigneur ne daigne—monsieur suis*"—such is the motto of the Duke of Orleans, sometimes called Philippe VIII of France. Like the Rohans of old, he exhibits a laudable spirit of independence—an unusual quality in royalty, as we see it in these degenerate days. Some time ago he settled the question as to the style of address to which he is entitled by announcing that he was "Monsieur le duc"; but does he at the same time admit that he cannot aspire to the crown of France?

A generous amount of self reliance and originality has certainly fallen to the duke's lot, but unfortunately his spirit of independence exhausts itself in thoughtlessness, lack of diplomacy, and even childish folly. Innumerable times he has been a cause of embarrassment to the royalists, and quite as often he has figured as an unintentional assistant of the Bonapartists. The republican cause has never suffered at his hands, though he has tried at times to injure it. Everybody knows of his rather theatric attempt to serve as an ordinary recruit in the French army. Less creditable escapades of his have filled many pages of the records of scandal. Only the other day he nearly lost his life in an encounter with Spanish peasants, whose sweethearts he had endeavored to monopolize at some rustic fête. With generous acts, with mili-

tary or statesmanlike attainments, we seldom find him credited. The omission may be an oversight, but we doubt it. A royal prince, when there is anything good in him, generally manages to acquaint the world at large with the fact; and as an advertiser, now that Barnum is no more, the Duke of Orleans is unexcelled.

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WILHELM BISMARCK is like his father "to the last hair on his head," they say in East Prussia, and in Hanover, where he is best known. Like the old chancellor, he was a wild youth, a duelist, a leader at drinking bouts, a scorner of the good things his teachers urged him to absorb. The elder Bismarck, it may be remembered, refused to cram his head with "unnecessary rubbish" in his student days, too; yet he became one of the great men of the century. His son's opposition to study was probably, to a certain extent, founded upon the paternal example, but it must not be inferred that he means to be, or expects to be, a great man. Though a chief governor—a post that ranks with that of a minister of state—at the age of forty three, he is not ambitious. To borrow a phrase from contemporary slang, his name is a good thing, and he allows it to be pushed along. That is the whole secret of Count "Bill's" success in life.

Wilhelm von Bismarck.

From a photograph by Schaarwächter, Berlin.

His achievements have always been such as common sense, combined with a gentlemanly nature, would command. As an officer in the Franco Prussian war, as court assessor, as aid to the Statthalter of Alsace-Lorraine, as Landrath, as president of government in Hanover, and as a parliamentarian, he has never distinguished himself except for devotion to duty and for con-

sideration of the feelings and wants of his fellow citizens. The count is a high liver in a quiet and undemonstrative way, a good shot, and a sportsman of the mild type. He likes to keep in the background—Count Herbert does all the posing—and has not an enemy in the world. He married a cousin, the daughter of Mme. von Arnim, the chancellor's favorite sister, and has three pretty daughters, who are their grandfather's delight.

Count Wilhelm Bismarck has been heartily welcomed in Königsberg, the old coronation town of Prussia's kings. In politics he is an agrarian to the backbone, and the province he governs is the very hotbed of agrarianism. Besides, he has many personal friends in the ancient town, where he spent several years in study and recreation—mostly recreation, it is said.

As the chancellor's second son, his expectations of an inheritance are not very brilliant. Count Herbert will get Schoenhausen, Friedrichsruh, and the Sachsenwald. Whether Count Wilhelm will have Varzin, with its paper mills and extensive lands, is not yet settled, and "Bill" is probably the last man to trouble himself about his future.

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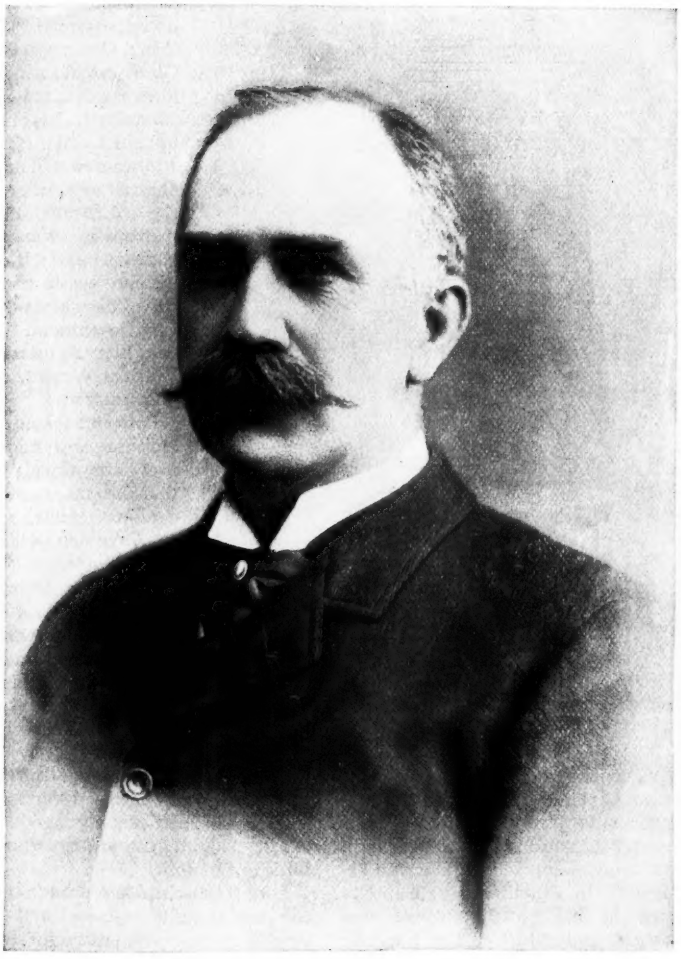
THE eloquent leader of her majesty's opposition in the Canadian House of Commons has been called "the Bayard of politics." Only his most prejudiced opponents would deny the fitness of the parallel, for certainly his public record shows him to be a knight *sans peur et sans reproche*. The scion of an old and distinguished family, his appearance bespeaks his honorable descent. His manner is an impressive blending of dignity and grace, and his voice is full of the modulated music that defies the most laborious efforts of the elocutionist.

Wilfred Laurier.

From a photograph by Topley, Ottawa.

Born in Quebec Province some forty four years ago, he chose the law as his business in life; but for many years past it has been merely an avocation, his true vocation being public affairs. He has had a brief experience in journalism; but on his



Judson Harmon, Attorney General of the United States.
From a photograph by Howland, Cincinnati.

own confession, he made no great mark in it. His political career began in the provincial legislature nearly a quarter of a century ago. He soon was promoted to the federal Parliament, and in 1874 became a member of the Mackenzie cabinet, continuing in office four years—since which time he has been in the cold shades of opposition.

An orator of the first rank, whether in Parliament or on the public platform; a statesman of unswerving principle and sound judgment; a patriot sincere in his loyalty to Canada, and to the great empire of which Canada is part; and a gentleman whose private life is of poetic purity—such is the picture that a friendly hand draws of Wilfred Laurier. Whether fickle fortune ever exalts him to the premiership or not, he will have won for himself a place of dignity and honor in the history of his country.

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THE nomination of Judson Harmon to be attorney general of the United States was a surprise, yet the appointment seems to have given satisfaction to the people and the politicians alike. In Cincinnati, Mr. Harmon has long been known as a remarkably brilliant lawyer, who manifested his self confidence by resigning an important judgeship to become the high priced counsel to several large corporations.

The new attorney general is in the prime

Lord Rothschild.

of a very vigorous manhood. He was born in 1847, near Cincinnati, the son of a Baptist preacher, who sent him to the university of that denomination at Granville, Ohio. After graduating there, Judson Harmon became a lawyer in Cincinnati. He rose to prominence in his profession, and was elected to the judgeship of the Superior Court, a peculiar judicial organization founded by special act for Cincinnati alone.

During his second term on this bench, Mr. Harmon decided to resign, to take the place at the Cincinnati bar left vacant by Ex Governor Hoadly's removal to New York. That was in 1887, and since then the new attorney general has had a practice worth at least $25,000 a year. His salary as a cabinet officer is but $8,000, yet the prestige of being chief law officer of the United States is no doubt an ample equivalent for the larger income.

In politics Mr. Harmon has always been independent. Prior to 1872 he was a Republican. In that year he joined the seceders who opposed Grant, and since then he has remained with the Democratic party, preserving, however, an absolute independence as to individual men and measures, and a fervent hatred of dishonesty and political trickery. When Governor Campbell of Ohio was fighting a corrupt faction of his own party in Cincinnati, his hands were upheld by Mr. Harmon, who wrote a new and much needed charter for the city. In the social life of the Ohio metropolis Attorney General Harmon and his family—which consists of a wife and three daughters—have been very prominent. The eldest daughter is married to Mr. William Wright, a Philadelphia banker.

Personal friends of Judson Harmon, who know his abilities, are already predicting that he may one day be a candidate for the very highest American political office.

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GLADSTONE put the keystone to religious freedom in England when he made the head of the London branch of the Rothschilds a peer, in 1885. For Lord Nathaniel Mayer de Rothschild is not only Semitic by blood, but also a devout follower of the ancient religion. He may be seen on every Jewish holy day in the Great Synagogue on Duke Street, Aldgate, the principal temple of his faith in London.

Lord Rothschild is a prominent figure in the best London society, and belongs to several of the "swellest" clubs. His town house is at 148 Piccadilly, near Hyde Park Corner. Apsley House, the Duke of Wellington's dingy looking mansion, is a door or two above it. Lord Rothschild spends the months of the London season here, and the rest of the year lives in his lovely country residence in Hertfordshire, Tring Park. He is a great patron of the arts, and gives fine musicales. Somebody once remarked to Carl Meyer, the man of business of the English house, "Lord Rothschild is passionately fond of music, isn't he?" "He *detests* it," was Meyer's emphatic reply. This is not true about his taste for paintings, which is a thoroughly genuine one. Lord Rothschild is also fond of sport. Though not as deeply interested in horses as is his younger brother, Leopold, who belongs to the Jockey Club, he is master of the Buckingham staghounds, and on

"hunting Thursdays" is generally absent from his city office following the hounds.

Tring Park was once the residence of good natured, beautiful Nell Gwyn, too charming a woman to have been wasted on the vapid Charles II. The conservatories are particularly rich in every kind of flower except the Cape jessamine, whose heavy perfume is too much for Lady Rothschild. In beautifying the place, large trees were transplanted bodily by specially constructed machines. The stroller over its verdant lawns may at any moment encounter an emu, come upon an aviary with horned owls in it, or find various products of the animal kingdom thoroughly exotic to an English park. This is explained by the fact that the leading passion of Lord Rothschild's only son, Walter, is for natural history. He has a private museum on the estate, and the only giant kangaroo ever reared in captivity saw the light in Tring Park.

An account of the way in which Baron Rothschild spends the day may be of interest. He rises at an early hour, and after his bath frequently takes a turn on horseback in Rotten Row. Returning to his house, he partakes of a frugal breakfast, reads the *Times*, runs through his mail, and sorts out the letters he wishes to have attended to by his secretary. He then drives in the plainest kind of a brougham to New Court, St. Swithin's Lane. Here he finds a pile of letters on his desk to be read. The bulk of these he goes through himself It is a rule of the house that some member of the family shall do this. Lord Rothschild and his two brothers, Alfred and Leopold, who are the London firm of "N. M. Rothschild & Sons," have their own tables in one room and always act in concert. At one they lunch in this room; after lunch they look at the quotations and receive brokers.

In dealing with his mail and business it is worthy of note that charitable matters engage Lord Rothschild's attention first. They are disposed of in strictly businesslike fashion. But personal appeals, if well founded, sometimes receive a more generous assistance than has been prayed for. Many of the claims made upon the Rothschilds are referred to the Jewish Board of Guardians, but any that require their personal attention always receive it.

General de Saussier.

Drawn by V. Gribayédoff from a photograph by Pirou, Paris.

Walter Rothschild is now twenty seven, the age at which his father married, but the young man, who is exceedingly reserved, is still unwedded. He probably would have little difficulty in finding a young woman willing to accept his hand. One with a marked interest in zoölogy would probably be preferred.

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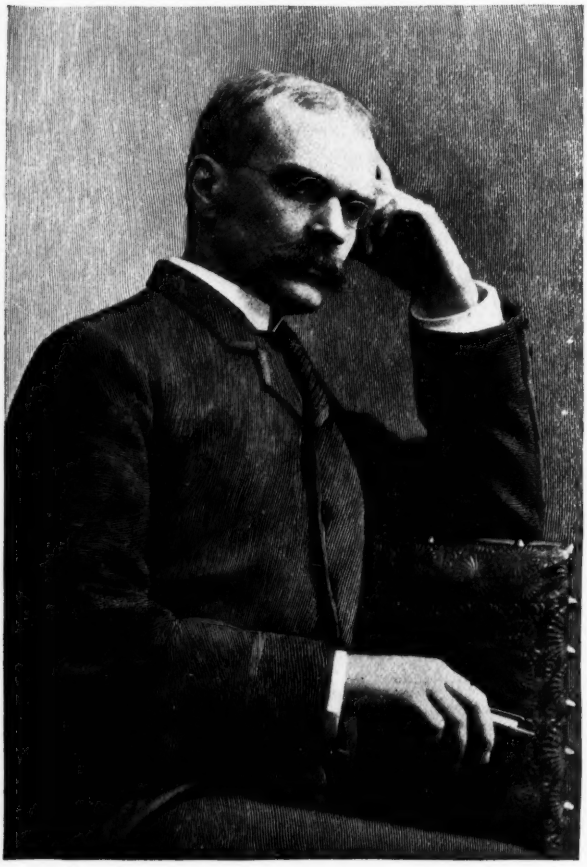
GENERAL SAUSSIER, commander in chief of the French army, will have an opportunity, this summer, to disprove the accusation that he is a better leader on paper than in the field. During last year's maneuvers he allowed himself to be surprised and taken prisoner by a detachment of the forces impersonating "the enemy.' The same thing, by the way, happened to the Emperor William in 1892, at the Russian maneuvers, but in extenuation of the

Kaiser's *faux pas* it may be said that he was then a very young man, and also that he was not in supreme command of the troops to which he had attached himself.

Saussier has smelled powder in three continents—in the Crimea, in Mexico, and in Algiers. During the Franco Prussian war he distinguished himself by personal bravery and by his skill as a commander of small bodies of troops. Still, his elevation to his present position was mainly due to the fact that he was the senior general of the French army, and politically inoffensive. De Cassagnac, the brilliant editor of the *Autorité*, says of him that he is a most finished type of mediocrity, uselessness, and presumption. Many Frenchman agree with the criticism, and also with the further charge that under the French Republic "the men in power always prefer an imbecile or a blackguard if he is devoted to them body and soul." And yet this sweeping accusation comes with poor grace from Cassagnac, a representative of the Bonaparte family, which lost the throne in 1870 because its army leaders—with a few notable exceptions—were either imbeciles or blackguards.



James Lane Allen.
From a photograph by Landy, Cincinnati.

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THE coming of James Lane Allen to New York to settle permanently is another testimony to the literary supremacy of the metropolis. Mr. Allen has always wanted to be a New Yorker. He came here ten years ago, when his career as a writer was just beginning, but a commission to write a series of articles on the blue grass region of Kentucky took him back to his native State. Those articles made Mr. Allen's name familiar to the readers of the country, and his subsequent work found ready appreciation. "The White Cowl," "Flute and Violin," "Sister Dolorosa," "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky," and "John Gray" were written during his continued stay in the South. The field these stories covered was comparatively fresh, and Mr. Allen's treatment of it was so genuine that his place in literature was put down as the blue grass region. Since the appearance of his earlier works Mr. Allen has traveled much. He completed his last book, "A Kentucky Cardinal," in London, and a new volume, "Butterflies," now in the hands of the publishers, was begun and finished in New York; yet his work has lost none of the local color that gives it such distinctive beauty. Mr. Allen's social popularity has been as great as his literary success. A eulogistic friend, who is himself a writer, says of him, "I know of no man whom nature has made quite so near what a man should be in mind, character, and

Blanche Marchesi Cacamisi.

From a photograph by Benque, Paris.

physique as Allen." He is six feet tall, well built, and with a strong, attractive face. He is a brilliant conversationalist, and a linguist of attainments. Before he began his literary work Mr. Allen was a professor of Latin, and to this fact the quality of his style may be attributed.

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RARE are the instances in which a teacher of great merit and renown has been able to leave to a descendant the musical gifts that made her famous, but in Blanche Marchesi Cacamisi, daughter of the well known Mathilde Marchesi, we find an exception to the prevailing rule. For half a century Mme. Marchesi has stood as the foremost trainer of the female voice. To study her methods pupils have gone to Paris from the four quarters of the globe, and the greatest prima donnas of the French, German, and Italian stage have been her pupils. Born and reared among sweet sounds, at three years of age, Blanche Marchesi sang second parts to the pleasure of Gounod, Godart,

and Massenet. As a child she counted the mistakes of her mother's advanced pupils, and correctly rendered for the Munich students parts that seemed impossible to others.

Notwithstanding her devotion to her mother's method of teaching music, Mme. Cacamisi has found leisure for literary pursuits. It is said in Paris that Lady Hermione Blackwood, daughter of Lord Dufferin, is engaged upon an English translation of her poems, while Mme. Cacamisi herself has ready for the press the personal memoirs of her mother. In 1893 she was married to the Baron Anzon Cacamisi, and at her studio on the Rue Cardinet, in Paris, there congregate many of the musical and literary lights of Europe. With the ambition and the industry that are a family inheritance, Mme. Cacamisi's place as a teacher of the female voice bids fair to continue in the lines established by her famous mother.

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AMERICA has in recent years produced a very creditable crop of sculptors, and among the foremost of these creators in stone must be ranked Daniel Chester French. His colossal figure of the Republic, which dominated the classic Court of Honor at the Columbian Exposition, told the world that he was a master worker in his art. Virility and delicacy, poetry and strength, are the marked features in his work.

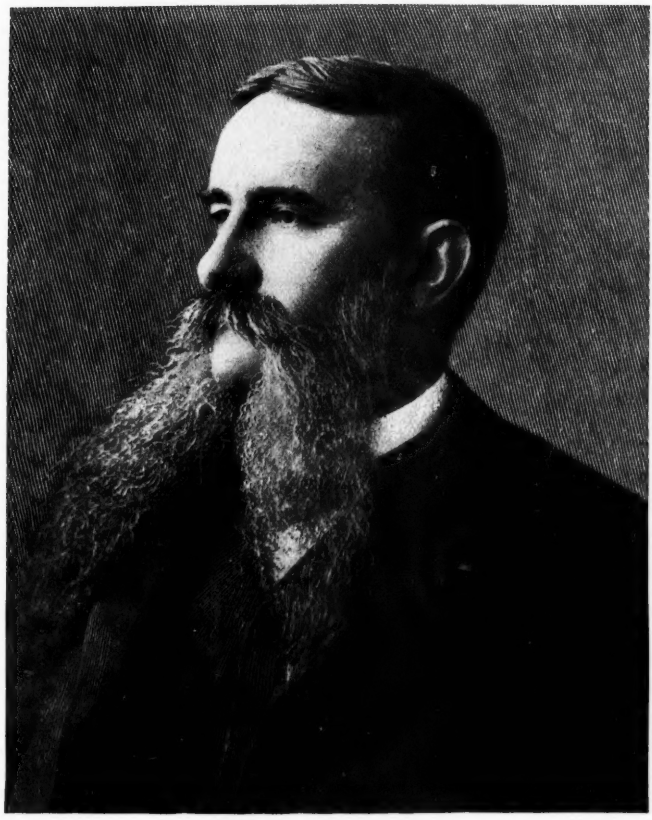
Daniel Chester French.
From a photograph by Wurst, New York.

Mr. French was born at Concord, forty five years ago. His artistic genius was manifested in early childhood, his first essay at sculpture being a toad carved from a turnip. There is a long interval between such a childish production and the superb "Angel of Death and the Young Sculptor," which he designed for the Millmore Memorial. This fit tribute of one American sculptor to another is felt by Mr. French himself to be the best exposition of his powers.

Mr. French's first art assistance was from that gentle soul, Louisa Alcott. When she saw the turnip toad she told the ardent lad that her sister would give him some of her modeling clay, a better medium for plastic expression. His first order was for the "Minute Man of Concord." His last, the one at present in his studio, is a bust portrait of John Boyle O'Reilly, for the memorial to that brilliant Celt.

Mr. French is largely self taught. The art worker is "self made" in proportion to his genius, but none that ever lived is without indebtedness to the best of his class. He studied for a time with Thomas Ball, and as late as 1888, when he was engaged on the statue of General Cass of Michigan, he took a studio in Paris and assimilated whatever Parisian glyptic art could supply to his needs. The Cass statue now adorns the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, which is more than can be said of several of the marble effigies that stand there.

Mr. French has reached that very satisfactory stage in his art in which he "has more than he can do." It is not always that merit receives its due deserts in this



Rear Admiral John G. Walker, U. S. N.
From a photograph by Brady, Washington.

form while the artist is still above ground. In his appearance, and in the impression he conveys to a casual acquaintance, Mr. French suggests the delicacy and refinement which give his work such a poetic charm, rather than the immense strength and force that are in it. He is more classic than Macmonnies, as individual as St. Gaudens, and as sincerely truthful in his sculpture as any art worker in stone.

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The name of Rear Admiral Walker stands second on the list of the United States navy. He is now stationed in Washington as chairman of the lighthouse board, in which snug official harbor he probably expects to remain anchored until his retirement from active duty, under the rule of age limit, in March, 1897. The naval service will lose him with reluctance, for he is universally known as an able and progressive officer. He has brought to the front the young men of the line, has drilled our modern ships in squadrons, and in all his efforts on behalf of the new navy has proved himself a man of resources, of advanced ideas, and of great individual fearlessness.

The latter quality has sometimes led Admiral Walker into acts and utterances that have shocked the suave and cautious traditions of diplomacy. More than once he has been suspected of desiring to "twist the British lion's tail," notably last year, when he sent to Washington, from Hawaii, some very bitter criticisms of the policy of English representatives at Honolulu. It is said that one of Queen Victoria's officers characterized the American admiral as "the most disagreeable and autocratic naval commander that ever wore Dundreary whiskers"; but the affair passed off without further international unpleasantness.

Admiral Walker is a native of New Hampshire, a veteran of the civil war, and one of the most thorough sailors in our naval service.